

After IT leaves Derry, he visits a little white-trash town in Colorado by Errant Kitten

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Summary: Someone else combined "South Park" and "It" but I had to throw my hat in the ring...probably a one-shot!

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BUS STATION HIJINKS

Pennywise nodded to the Trailways bus driver, who looked at him oddly. It really is a distraction, a balloon totin' Bozo the Clown with spiders and roaches crawling out of the right eye...on a bus, no less. On the other hand, the whining from that welfare family of six had TOTALLY quieted down, all Ephraim, the driver seemed to hear now was the Mex momma sobbing and mumbling in her native Spic tongue.

"Is this South Park?" the clown inquired of Ephraim, grinning "Colorado?"

"Oh yeah...you know, bud, you oughta have that right eye looked at."

Pennywise handed Ephraim a blue balloon. "Didja ever hear about the ophthalmologist who fell on his lens grinder and made a SPECTACLE of himself?" The clown almost fell over in the aisle laughing and then strutted down the stairs to the street.

Ephraim looked at the blue balloon. Smudged. Ugh. Funny, the shape of the (grease?) looked like Ephraim's Momma. Really looked...

"Ephie darlin'...you miss your Momma?" Damn, her varicose veins and everything. "Who gives you them Fleet enemas and makes you wear the little dresses and tea parties now that I'm gone...Daddy always said you were a little nail polish faggot, Ephie...or should Momma say EDWINA?"

Outside the bus, Pennywise smiled sourly, watching through the window as the fat bus driver tried to pop the balloon with his Swiss Army Knife...Yup, he's given up on that, and now he's trying to shove it out the bus window. Pennywise could hear the balloon shrieking "YOU KNOW YOU LIKED IT UP THE TUSHIE BY UNCLE WILBER!"

Pennywise looked around the bus station. Why had he chosen South Park? Or Colorado? After the little creatures, all grown up, and led by

Stutterin' Bill had basically chased Pennywise out of Derry, (you really can't kill P.W.) it was prolly time to git a movin'...

Maine was such a drag, Pennywise had put 300 years into it... sometimes he'd traveled a bit out...he fondly recalled cutting Patrick Henry's nephew's head off and putting it on a flagpole outside the courthouse in Philly on the Fourth of July.

Why hadn't that made it into the history books? Ah...the hero is always ignored in his own country.

The absentminded clown pushed an escaping dung beetle under his eyelid and began walking around the snowy bus station, inquiring about the locale of the elementary school.

A SUITABLE INTERVIEW

"It's been real hard, m'kay?" Mr. Mackey looked at this "Since Ms. Chokesondik uh, passed, m'kay, we've had a real hard time fillin' th' fourth grade homeroom. We think will be back soon, m'kay? Y' say you have teachin' experience? Y' always wear uh, clown makeup, m'kay? I mean Garrison was a CASE, but..."

The interviewee seemed real nice. Quiet fella. Mr. Mackey could get down with costumes, he guessed, if a learning specialist felt it would inspire...was that a tarantula's furry leg comin' out of the man's eyelid? Shit, who cares, right? Garrison had his puppet. And Principal Victoria said we got to get a six month substitute NOW.

"I...like nine year olds, and I think my outfit is...well, anyway, it's discrimination, you understand, to criticize..."

Mackey threw up one hand. "No, no off-fense, m'kay? Ah don't keer what you wear, honest I don't, though you might get a little Raid can for that right eye of yours m'kay? We have a real, REAL unusual school here m'kay? We had a kindergarten teacher, Miss Stephenson, m'kay?who ran off with one of her students m'kay? And our School Nurse m'kay? She has a dead fetus attached to the side of her head m'kay? And Mr. Adler, our Shop Teacher committed suicide...you'll be fine, m'kay?"

"You sound like you have a compelling staff."

"Well, only ever got to see it, mkay?" Mr. Mackey paused. "By the way, could you take our Detention Class mkay?" "Today, mkay? since it's late?"

The interviewee fella smiled a red grin. Damn, those were some YELLOW teeth.

"I feel that relentless discipline is just so important in influencing my charges."

"Good, you can es-cort one of our worst offenders to the detention hall. He just got in trouble for disemboweling the kindergarten's pet cockatoo, and then eatin' th' innards with hot sauce."

A MEETING OF THE MINDS

Pennywise stepped out of the Guidance Counselor's office. How dare he criticize my outfit, that green shirt is a new kind of hideous. When I made Georgie Denbrough into a corpse, the vomit he hurled...was so similar in color.

Pennywise looked down at the fat little cherub with the blue-green stocking cap. Oh what a delicious potroast he'd make this afternoon. Pennywise could just say the child skipped off...Why do people say teaching is thankless work...as Hannibal Lecter, Pennywise's old frat buddy used to say, culinary rewards are everywhere.

Now I mustn't frighten him. The little girl I snacked on right before the interview with Mr. Mackey of the puke shirt was so noisy.

"Are you Eric Cartman? I'm Mister Pennywise, and I'm supposed to take you to Detention."

The fat little boy smirked up at the clown. "Yeah...I heard you were coming...mah lawyer told me...well, actually, he's just a law student, or was when they fried his ass."

Pennywise looked at the wall and saw a curly haired young man in a turtleneck, holding a fake cast in one hand and a sign "Going my Way? I'm Ted!" in the other...but Pennywise could see through

Ted's...skin to the locker behind him. Next to Ted was a fat chap with a sign that said "Tasty Lampshades Made Here"

"Put it away, Gein." The little fat boy said..."My new teacher wants a menu, doncha buddy?"

Pennywise patted the little boy's head. "Why...yes."

As the little boy waddled down the hall, his hand trustingly in his new teachers, he said "Well your first meal could be a Kosher one... mah friend Kyle..."